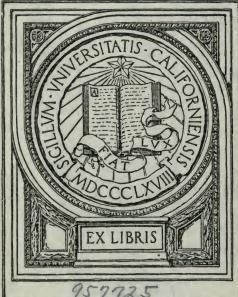
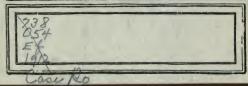


## GIFT OF

mrs. I. M. Aiken









I, the aiken - PKG513 A1A5 1912 ea

# The Rubaiyat of Mode Kbayyáw

The Roycrofters Cast Aurora, N.Y. Rubaiyat SOF OB INCO

> The Wagernfrener Cast Canona. T.S.

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### PERSIAN WORDS USED IN THE RUBAIYAT, WITH ENGLISH PRONUNCIATIONS

ALIF, Ah-leef - The first letter of the Persian alphabet,

corresponding to our long a. Ванвам Güb, Bah-rawm Goor—An ancient Persian king and hunter.

FERRÁSH, Far-rawsh-A servant, a tent-pitcher.

HATIM TAI, Hah-tim Ty-A mythical king, type of generosity.

IRAM, Ee-rawm-The name of a mythical garden in Arabia.

JAMSHYD, Jam-sheed-A mythical king.

KAIKOBÁD, Ku-ko-bawd — A mythical king.

KAIKHOSRÚ, Ky-kors-roo-A mythical king, corresponding, probably, to Cyrus.

MAH, Mah-The moon. Máhi, Mah-hee - Fish.

Манми́р, Mah-mood — Persian for Mohammed.

MUEZZÍN, Moo-ez-zeen - A public crier who calls the faithful to prayer.

MUSHTARÍ, Moosh-tah-ree - The planet Jupiter.

NAISHAPUR, Ny-shah-poor - The city of Khorasan. home of Omar Khayyam.

OMAR KHAYYAM, Ghoh-mar Khy-yawm-Literally, Omar the Tent-Maker.

PARWIN, Par-ween - The Pleiades.

PEHLEVÍ, Pa-le-vee - The official language of the Sassanian dynasty.

RAMAZÁN, Ra-ma-dawn or Ra-ma-thawn - The ninth Moslem month, devoted to fasting.

RUBÁIYÁT, Roo-by-yot-Four lines, a quatrain; from the Arabic word, rubai, meaning a quatrain or epigram.

Rustum, Roos-toom—A mythical Persian hero, son of Zal.

Sákí, Saw-kee - A cup-bearer.

SUFI, Soo-fee - A Mahommedan mystic.

TAMÁM, Tah-mawm - The end - the very end.

ZAL, Zawl-The father of Rustum.



OF OMAR KHAYYAM

I

AKE! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

11

Before the phantom of False morning died,

Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,

"When all the Temple is prepared within,

Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outside?"

DE GRAD REGERRAM

VKE" For the Sm. who alter'd and Rela-The State Science for from the State of Night Drives Night along south them from Hear a, and strake The Solling with a Shall of Light

come and type in the Doubt do plak in the control of the control o

### 9100

New this New with destrologicald Desires, The Return state Sout on Schille estimate with the White Whate size White Baild of Their our be though

### Ш

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before

The Tavern shouted—"Open then the door!

You know how little while we have to stay,

And, once departed, may return no more."

### IV

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,

The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,

Where the White Hand of Moses on the Bough

Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

V

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,

And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;

But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,

And many a Garden by the Water blows.

### VI

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine

High-piping Pehleví, with "Wine! Wine!

Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose

That sallow cheek of hers t' incarnadine.

### VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring

Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;

The Bird of Time has but a little way

To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

### VIII

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon, Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,

The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,

The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

### IX

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;

Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?

And this first Summer month that brings the Rose

Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

### X

- Well, let it take them! What have we to do
- With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
  - Let Zál and Rustum thunder as they will,
- Or Hátim call to Supper—heed not you.

### XI

With me along the strip of Herbage strown

That just divides the desert from the sown,

Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—

And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!

### XII

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,

A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou

Beside me singing in the Wilderness—

Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

### XIII

Some for the Glories of This World; and some

Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;

Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,

Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

### XIV

Look to the blowing Rose about us —"Lo,

Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,

At once the silken tassel of my Purse

Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

### XV

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,

And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,

Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd

As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

### XVI

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon

Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,

Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,

Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

### XVII

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai

Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,

How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp

Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

### XVIII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep

The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:

And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass

Stamps o'er his Head, but can not break his Sleep.

### XIX

I sometimes think that never blows so red

The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;

That every Hyacinth the Garden wears

Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

### $\mathbf{X}\mathbf{X}$

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green

Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—

Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows

From what once levely Lip it springs unseen!

### IXX

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears

Today of past Regret and future Fears:

Tomorrow!—Why, Tomorrow I may be

Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

### XXII

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best

That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest,

Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,

And one by one crept silently to rest.

### XXIII

And we, that now make merry in the Room

They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,

Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth

Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

### XXIV

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,

Before we too into the Dust descend; Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,

Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

### XXV

Alike for those who for Today prepare,

And those that after some Tomornow stare,

A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,

"Fools, your Reward is neither Here nor There."

### XXVI

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd

Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust

Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn

Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopped with Dust.

### XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent

Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument

About it and about: but evermore

Came out by the same door where in I went.

### XXVIII

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,

And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;

And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—

"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

### XXIX

Into this Universe, and Why not knowing

Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing;

And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,

I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.

### XXX

What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?

And, without asking, Whither hurried hence!

Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine

Must drown the memory of that insolence!

### XXXI

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate

I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,

And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;

But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

### XXXII

There was the Door to which I found no Key;

There was the Veil through which I might not see:

Some little talk awhile of ME and Thee

There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

### XXXIII

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn

In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;

Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd

And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

### XXXIV

- Then of the Thee in Me who works behind
- The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
  - A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
- As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

### XXXV

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn

I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:

And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—
"While you live,

Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

### XXXVI

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive

Articulation answer'd, once did live,

And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,

How many Kisses might it take—and give!

### XXXVII

- For I remember stopping by the way
- To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
  - And with its all-obliterated Tongue
- It murmur'd—" Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

### XXXVIII

- And has not such a Story from of Old
- Down Man's successive generations roll'd
  - Of such a clod of saturated Earth
- Cast by the Maker into Human mold?

### XXXIX

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw

For Earth to drink of, but may steal below

To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye

There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

### XL

As then the Tulip for her morning sup

Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,

Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n

To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

### XLI

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,

Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign,

And lose your fingers in the tresses of

The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

### XLII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,

End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;

Think then you are Today what YESTERDAY

You were—Tomorrow you shall not be less.

### XLIII

So when the Angel of the darker Drink

At last shall find you by the riverbrink,

And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul

Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

### XLIV

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,

And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,

Were 't not a Shame—were 't not a Shame for him

In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

### XLV

'T is but a Tent where takes his one day's rest

A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;

The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh

Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

### XLVI

And fear not lest Existence closing your

Account, and mine, should know the like no more;

The Eternal Sakí from that Bowl has pour'd

Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

### XLVII

When You and I behind the Veil are past,

Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,

Which of our Coming and Departure heeds

As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

### **XLVIII**

- A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
- Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
  - And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
- The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!

# XLIX

Would you that spangle of Existence spend

About THE SECRET—quick about it, Friend!

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True—

And upon what, prithee, does life depend?

### L

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;

Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—

Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,

And peradventure to The Master too;

# LI

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins

Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;

Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and

They change and perish all—but He remains;

#### LII

A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold

Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd

Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,

He does Himself contrive, enact, behold.

## LIII

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor

Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,

You gaze Today, while You are You—how then

Tomorrow, You when shall be You no more?

# LIV

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit

Of This and That endeavor and dispute;

Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape

Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

# LV

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse

I made a Second Marriage in my house;

Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,

And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

### LVI

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though with Rule and Line,

And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,

Of all that one should care to fathom, I

Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

## LVII

Ah, but my Computations, People say,

Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,

'T was only striking from the Calendar

Unborn Tomorrow, and dead Yesterday.

## LVIII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,

Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape

Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and

He bid me taste of it; and 't was the Grape!

# LIX

The Grape that can with Logic absolute

The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:

The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice

Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

### LX

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,

That all the misbelieving and black Horde

Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul

Scatters before him with his whirl-wind Sword.

# LXI

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare

Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?

A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?

And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

# LXII

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,

Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,

Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,

To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

## LXIII

O threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!

One thing at least is certain—This Life flies;

One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;

The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

## LXIV

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who

Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through

Not one returns to tell us of the Road,

Which to discover we must travel too.

# LXV

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd

Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,

Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep

They told their fellows, and to Sleep return'd.

# LXVI

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,

Some letter of that After-life to spell:

And by and by my Soul return'd to me.

And answer'd," I myself am Heav'n and Hell."

### LXVII

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,

And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,

Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,

So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

### LXVIII

We are no other than a moving row Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go

Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held

In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

## LXIX

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays

Upon this Checkerboard of Nights and Days;

Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,

And one by one back in the Closet lays.

## LXX

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,

But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;

And He that toss'd you down into the Field.

He knows about it all—HE knows— HE knows!

## LXXI

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,

Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit

Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,

Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

## LXXII

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,

Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,

Lift not your hands to It for help—for It

As impotently moves as you or I.

# LXXIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,

And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:

And the first Morning of Creation wrote

What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

# LXXIV

YESTERDAY This Day's Madness did prepare;

Tomorrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:

Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:

Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

## LXXV

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,

Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal

Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they flung,

In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

## LXXVI

The Vine had struck a fiber: which about

If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout;

Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,

That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

# LXXVII

And this I know: whether the one True Light

Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,

One Flash of It within the Tavern caught

Better than in the Temple lost outright.

# LXXVIII

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke

A conscious Something to resent the yoke

Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain

Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

## LXXIX

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid

Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allay'd—

Sue for a Debt we never did contract,

And can not answer—Oh the sorry trade!

## LXXX

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin

Beset the Road I was to wander in, Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round

Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

### LXXXI

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,

And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:

For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man

Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

# LXXXII

\* \* \* \*

As under cover of departing Day Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,

Once more within the Potter's house alone

I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

# LXXXIII

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,

That stood along the floor and by the wall;

And some loquacious Vessels were; and some

Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

# LXXXIV

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain

My substance of the common Earth was ta'en

And to this Figure molded, to be broke.

Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

## LXXXV

Then said a Second—" Ne'er a peevish Boy

Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;

And He that with his hand the Vessel made

Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

## LXXXVI

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly
Make;

"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:

What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

# LXXXVII

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—

I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter—
Tell me then,

Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

# LXXXVIII

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell

Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell

The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!

He 's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

## LXXXIX

"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or buy,

My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:

But fill me with the old familiar Juice,

Methinks I might recover by and by."

## XC

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,

The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking:

And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!

Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

\* \* \* \* \*

## XCI

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,

And wash the Body whence the Life has died,

And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,

By some not unfrequented Gardenside.

### XCII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare

Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air

As not a True-believer passing by

But shall be overtaken unaware.

## XCIII

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long

Have done my credit in this World much wrong:

Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,

And sold my Reputation for a Song.

# XCIV

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before

I swore—but was I sober when I swore?

And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand

My threadbare Penitence apieces tore.

## XCV

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,

And robb'd me of my Robe of Honor—Well,

I wonder often what the Vintners buy

One-half so precious as the stuff they sell.

## **XCVI**

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!

That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

The Nightingale that in the branches sang,

Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

## XCVII

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield

One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,

To which the fainting Traveler might spring,

As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

### XCVIII

Would but some wingéd Angel ere too late

Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate, And make the stern Recorder otherwise

Enregister, or quite obliterate!

### XCIX

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire

To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,

Would not we shatter it to bits
—and then

Re-mold it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

C

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—

How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;

How oft hereafter rising look for us

Through this same Garden—and for one in vain!

### CI

And when like her, oh Sákí, you shall pass

Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,

And in your joyous errand reach the spot

Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

TAMAM

SO HERE ENDETH "THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM," THE POET ASTRONOMER OF NAISHAPUR, AS RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY EDWARD FITZ GERALD, AND PRINTED BY THE ROYCROFTERS, THIS MONTH OF AUGUST, MCMXII



THE MINISTER OF STREET, AND



PK6513 A1A5.







